

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Cowper.*

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The Old Year.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

True Education.

The pure tastes of virtue cannot be looked for in those who have never been led beyond their senses; nor even a wise self-interest be expected, where no habits of foresight have been acquired, and the intellect has not been taught to respect the future. I do not even suppose that the moral amelioration of a country immediately follows on the "diffusion of knowledge." On the spread of education it may: but it must be an education which comprises a principle of sympathy as well as of instruction; which has a discipline for the heart as well as for the understanding; which remembers the composite structure of our nature, and applies knowledge to no more than its proper office of enlightening the reason, and summons up feelings of right as the fit antagonists to passions that tend to wrong.—James Martineau.

"On God and Godlike men we build our trust."

—Tennyson.

Plutarch's Humanity.

"For my part, I cannot but charge his using his servants like so many beasts of burden, and turning them off, or selling them when they grew old, to the account of a mean and ungenerous spirit which thinks that the sole tie between man and man is interest or necessity. But goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice. The obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species; and these still flow from the breast of a well-natured man, as streams that issue from the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus the people of Athens, when they had finished the temple called Hecatompedon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed in the work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any other service. It is said that one of these afterwards came of its own accord to work, and, putting itself at the head of the laboring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This pleased the people, and they made a decree that it should be kept at the public charge so long as it lived. The graves of Cimon's mares, with which he thrice conquered at the Olympic games, are still to be seen near his own tomb. Many have shown particular marks of regard, in burying the dogs which they had cherished and been fond of; and amongst the rest Xantippus of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and was afterwards buried by him upon a promontory, which to this day is called the Dog's Grave. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; and were it only to learn benevolence to humankind, we should be merciful to other creatures. For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, a man grown old in my service, from his usual lodgings and diet; for to him, poor man! it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller. But Cato, as if he took a pride in these things, tells us, that when consul, he left his war-horse in Spain to save the public charge of his conveyance. Whether such things as these are instances of greatness or littleness of soul, let the reader judge for himself!"—From "Cato the Censor," in the "Lives."

Animals and Human Speech.

Animals have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindus invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's Museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage, and said in Arabic, "I know you; come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes, for an instant, seemed positively human.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Cuvier on Dogs.

"The domestic dog," says Cuvier, "is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world. The whole species has become our property; each individual belongs entirely to his master, acquires his disposition, knows and defends his property, and remains attached to him until death; and all this, not through constraint or necessity, but purely by the influence of gratitude and real attachment. The swiftness, the strength, the sharp scent of the dog, have rendered him a powerful ally to man against the lower tribes; and were, perhaps, necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the whole animal creation. The dog is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth."

THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.

The Horse as an Instrument of Gambling.

We quote as largely as our space will permit from an article in the "Contemporary Review" for August last, with the above title. The writer was Louis Henry Curzon. He shows a thorough knowledge of his subject, and the subject has no less interest for us on this side of the sea than for the public on the other side:—

"The yearling sales of blood stock," he says, "which took place publicly last year, added five hundred race-horses to the studs of the period, and in all probability as many more will be added by the public sales of the present season."

The blood stock from which these yearlings are descended is of commensurate value. As an example of the fact, it may be stated that Formosa, a brood mare, changed hands last year for 4,000 guineas, Scottish Chief was bought by his present owner for 8,000 guineas at the Dewhurst sale, and a few years ago Blair Athol, described by Mr. Tattersall when he was brought into the sale ring, as 'the best horse in the world,' was purchased by the Cobham Stud Company for £12,000. Breadalbane, another fine horse, realized £6,000, but Doncaster, winner of the Derby of 1873, and second in the St. Leger stakes of the same year, changed hands for £14,500; whilst the owner of Springfield, it is reported, has refused an offer of £10,000 for that horse, to be paid at the end of his racing career!"

"A recapitulation of the values we have arrived at will prevent confusion. They are as follows:—

Yearlings sold at public sales,	150,000 guineas.
Ditto sold by private bargain,	75,000 guineas.
Value of race-horses in training,	616,000 guineas.
Probable value of brood mares,	608,000 guineas.
Estimated value of stallions,	274,000 guineas.

Making a total sum of 1,723,000 guineas.

The interest of which, at the rate of five per cent., would be over £90,450 per annum.

"The interest of the money sunk in racing stock is, however, the least part of the cost which is incidental to keeping race-horses. It has been calculated—indeed, it is known from experience, and by means of figures which cannot be doubted—that the annual expense of keeping a race-horse is not less than £250 per annum; indeed, it has been set down by men well versed in the expenditure of the turf at £300, but we shall adopt the former figure."

"The yearly account will stand as follows:—

Interest on capital expended on race-horses,	£90,450
Annual keep of horses,	583,50

The total yearly expenditure being, £673,950

As no similar estimate of the cost of horse-racing has ever, so far as we know, been made up, we have been very particular in the selection of our figures, so that we may not be accused of exaggeration."

"In addition to what are called the flat races, a great number of other races are run, such as hurdle-races, steeple-chases, and hunters' races. Over 1,200 such contests took place in the winter of 1876-77. Some of these races are of considerable importance from a gambling point of view."

"The reason why we enter thus minutely into the finance of horse-racing, is to show how utterly impossible it is for a race-horse, as a general rule, to recoup its owner's expenditure by any sums that may be won in stakes."

"Whatever amount of good fortune may fall at times to individual speculators, it is certain enough that the cost of racing is far above the amount of stakes which can be raced for. The value of the stakes raced for last year was probably not above £260,000, or considerably less than half of the amount requisite to keep up the united studs; and it may as well be stated, before going further, that the greater portion of the money

paid in the stakes which are contested is in reality provided by the owners of the horses themselves."

"The value of an article is said to be what it will bring in the market, and the value of a yearling race-horse has just been stated. For what purpose is a sum of £4,100 paid for a horse only one year old? At that age the qualities of the animal can only be judged from its looks, and from its descent or from the strain of blood which it inherits: it cannot in any way be guaranteed that it will develop into a really valuable race-horse. It may speedily succumb to some of the exigencies of training, may spring a *curb* or throw out *splints*, or it may never thoroughly recover from the *strangling* cold to which all young horses are liable, and the 'dregs' of which, like the 'dregs' of measles in children, may leave such an indelible mark upon its bodily strength, or that vulnerable point, its wind, as will unfit it for use as a race-horse."

"It is only as instruments to gamble with that yearling horses bring the extraordinary prices which have been chronicled."

"The majority of those now running horses on the turf are simply gamblers—some of them having gone into the business on a large scale. Two or three of the most enthusiastic supporters of the pastime of racing are reported not to bet, but are said to breed and feed horses for their own pleasure. We fear we could not, if we tried, name a dozen such gentlemen. Among the five hundred who have registered their colors, will there be even a dozen? Mr. Houldsworth, we know, is one, and Lord Falmouth is another."

"Almost no other business, however, presents such opportunities for successful fraud as horse-racing, and for the best of all reasons: the vile practices which are prevalent do not render those who carry them out amenable to the law."

"The bookmakers, it is said, are able to manage anything on the turf, money being omnipotent in the racing world; and therefore, if one of the fraternity stands to lose say £10,000 by the victory of a particular horse, it may be well worth his while to pay a few hundreds to a needy trainer or hanger-on of the stable to disable the animal. Such rogueries have been committed over and over again."

Many details are given of the manner in which races are won and lost to serve the gambling purposes of the owners of the horses, which, however, are not necessary to enable the general reader to form an intelligent opinion of the business.

"Betting, especially on the racecourse," says Mr. Curzon, near the conclusion of his article, "is largely on the increase. Whilst thirty or forty years ago there were not, perhaps, more than two hundred professional betting men, there are now probably two thousand, each of them doing a 'roaring' business. No one can tell with any approach to certainty the amount of money which changes hands upon the turf; it is known to be enormous. The owner of the horse which won the Cesarewitch of last year was able to back it to win him one hundred thousand pounds. Another of the significant facts of the turf was lately stated in a popular magazine—the chief jockey of the period earns in fees as large an income as the Lord High Chancellor of England! And his fees and presents are said to have amounted last year to over thirteen thousand pounds. In all probability the three principal jockeys of England will earn, or at all events receive, more money in a year than the whole professional staff of a modern university."

"The recent death of Admiral Rous, and the public accession of the Prince of Wales to the turf, conspire to direct renewed attention to the horse as an instrument of gambling."

"Horse-racing was once the 'sport of kings,' and in England will apparently become so again; but it has sadly degenerated if it ever were the innocent pastime which some assert it was. Now it is in sad want of reform, seeing to use a quaint

quotation, that 'the turf is daisy'd o'er with scandals.' The running of horses, as we have tried to show, has become surrounded by all kinds of temptation: the horse is in the hands of gamblers. Gentlemen degrade themselves by dirtying their hands with a betting-book. Men bribe, and stable-boys become corrupt in consequence of the turf having been selected as one of the places where people make haste to be rich. The elements of chicanery which now attend the pastime of horse-racing have given it a bad odor, and it would be a thousand times better that horse-racing should altogether cease, than that the racecourses of Great Britain should continue to be seminaries of swindling!"

Horse-racing.

FROM a recent sermon on amusements by Rev. C. W. Wendte of Cincinnati, it is a pleasure to make the following extract:—

"Considered in this light of moral responsibility, there are, no doubt, some pleasures which should be given up at once as unworthy in their nature and debasing in their effects. This is particularly true of physical sports. Some of these, once popular and prevalent, have already been given up in all decent circles and stamped with the general disapproval. I refer to such brutal sports as bear-baiting, prize-fighting and the rat-and cock-pit. There are, however, relics of this old barbarism still lingering among us which ought to be put down by public opinion, if not by law. Such, for instance, is the cruel pastime of pigeon or turkey shooting—a sport that suberves no useful purpose, and which is cowardly, because it does not offer a fair field or even chance to its victims. I know different classes of people need different kinds of amusement, but surely no amusement can be proper which is so cruel in its character, so useless in its results, and so demoralizing to those who participate in it. There are enough noble and invigorating physical sports remaining without having resort to the baser and brutal ones. Gymnastic exercises, cricket, base ball, and other popular games, are all admirable in their way, and when separated from all gambling and vice, ought to be encouraged by every sensible man."

There are other relics of a semi-barbarism among us which still retain their popularity, and are patronized by many respectable persons. Such, for instance, is the race-track, with its fast horses and fast men. I am told, perhaps, that these public trials of speed are absolutely necessary to improve the equine stock and ensure 'the perfect horse'; but I cannot for the life of me understand how, after a certain speed has been attained, a difference of five or ten seconds should make such a marvelous difference in the physical condition of that noble animal, or so increase his usefulness to man. The racing of horses is a relic of savagery, which is destined to pass away before long. Some excellent persons still attend and defend these contests; but they are wrong in so doing."

Sir Thomas More, the stern moralist of his day, defended the lawfulness of prize-fighting, yet we have outgrown that brutal amusement. Similarly we shall outgrow the race-track and its scenes of excitement and cruelty. For it is a cruel sport, this drugging and lashing and maiming of horses. A horse no doubt enjoys going at the top of his speed, but no horse enjoys the terrific urging which he receives at the hands of his brutal driver. We have only to put ourselves in his place to appreciate that. Lastly, the race-track is an illegitimate form of amusement, because it demoralizes all who participate in it, whether as principals or spectators, hardening them to animal suffering, and familiarizing them with the gambling, profanity and vice which are its inseparable accompaniments. Hence it is our moral duty to ask ourselves frankly, is horse-racing an elevating and improving amusement? Is it possible to rescue the turf from its present evil associations?

If your answer to these questions is *no*, as I think it must be, then the race-track is no place for you."

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]
Doings of Kindred Societies.

PRIZES OFFERED IN BELGIUM.—THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

Under the Patronage of His Majesty the King of the Belgians.

As in past years, there will be in the month of May next, a formal distribution of the prizes of the Society for the Protection of Animals.

According to article 19 of the statutes, the prizes of the Society consist of premiums in money, medals, and honorable mentions. They can be awarded:—

First. To the authors of essays or literary works, particularly those published in Belgium, designed to make known the utility of different species of animals, to combat prejudices, to enlighten the community; in one word, to advance the work of the Society.

Second. To the inventors and propagators of discoveries, processes, apparatus, or methods of treatment for the purpose of improving or perfecting the species of animals designed for work or for food.

Third. To the Belgian proprietors or cultivators adopting or causing to be adopted in their agricultural labor, the discoveries, processes, apparatus or methods of treatment recommended by the Society.

Fourth. To the workmen, farm-hands, ploughmen, shepherds, coachmen (including the drivers of hackney coaches), carters, drivers, grooms, butcher boys, girls in charge of poultry yards, etc., who have distinguished themselves by their gentleness, and by their kind treatment and intelligent care of animals.

Fifth. To authorized agents, policemen, etc., who have distinguished themselves by their zeal in preventing or in reporting cruelty to animals, and offences against the laws and police regulations relating to animals, to the protection of birds, to the destruction of broods, and to the overloading of public vehicles, especially the tramway cars.

The above prospectus was published in January, 1877, and in June the distribution of prizes was made. Sixty-eight medals were accorded, and 43 honorable mentions.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Educational Work of "The Ladies' Auxiliary Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" in Providence, R. I.

Acknowledging the chief work of the Auxiliary Society to be, to teach kindness, rather than to prevent cruelty, the ladies decided at the outset, to make an effort every two years, at least, to call the attention of the children in the public schools to their duty to the dumb creation, by requesting the teachers to give out subjects for compositions upon "Kindness to Animals." "My Little Pets," etc. Three times we have offered prizes for the best compositions on such subjects; not best intellectually, but best in advocating and illustrating the true spirit of kindness. Our first award of prizes was made at the close of our "State Bazaar" in 1873; the presentation was made by the Hon. George L. Clarke, President of the Rhode Island Society P. C. A., and he remarked "if nothing else was done that year but to call the attention of thousands of children, to the love and care due to dumb animals, the Society had done a great work." We at that time gave one hundred and twenty-five dollars, in several prizes, in money only. We have never been able since to do as much; we were then just entering upon the great financial depression, which has since almost engulfed us. Therefore at our second offering of prizes, we could only afford to promise fifty dollars, half in money, half in books, reaching however thirty-two (32) children, nearly twice the

number at our first bestowal of prizes; deeming it wise to make smaller donations and a much larger number happy.

Ten of the books given were bound copies of "The Animal World." On this occasion we projected an entertainment, combining a spelling match and music, with the presentation of the prizes. On like occasions, occurring yearly in England, when the prizes are presented by some member of the Royal Family, the "Royal Albert Hall" is filled to its utmost capacity, and great was our gratification to find our *royal* Music Hall crowded to excess with eager children and their interested parents. Wishing to come as near to a crowned head as we could, we invited the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, Bishop of Rhode Island, to make the presentation, and most gracefully, in his happy, spirited manner, did the Bishop bestow the prizes upon thirty-two waiting children. Governor Lippitt made a brief speech, commending our work as a step in the right direction, etc., and thus ended our second most successful entertainment; we would fain have had it free, but were obliged to earn the money for the prizes promised and to pay expenses; this was all we expected to do, as we charged only the small sum of *ten cents* admission, and twenty-five cents for reserved seats; but we were agreeably surprised. After all bills and prizes were paid, we had fifty-three dollars (\$53) in hand. This we thankfully and sacredly laid aside for educational purposes. Six months ago we wrote to Bishop Clarke, who was then travelling in Europe, asking him if, on his return, he would, in the early Autumn, give us brief sketches of his foreign travels, and tell us of the workings of societies for dumb animals across the water. He replied he would cheerfully do anything in his power to aid the ladies in their humane work. Time sped on and brought the autumn to us, and we began to make arrangements for our third entertainment for the children. We decided, this time, to invite the grammar schools, throughout the State, to unite with our city grammar schools in competing for the prizes for the best answers given to the five following questions: 1st, "To whom do animals belong?" 2d, "What do we owe to them?" 3d, "How should persons treating them cruelly be punished?" 4th, "Do not the horse and the dog particularly challenge our admiration; do they not possess qualities worthy of human beings?" 5th, "Is it manly to shoot pigeons, or cats, merely for sport?"

Three towns only accepted our invitation, on account of the vacation occurring during the time specified as the latest when the compositions could be received by the ladies' committee. Newport, Johnston, Pawtucket, and the eight grammar schools of Providence, came up nobly to the work. Thus, at least five thousand children thought and wrote about kindness to the lower creation, a beautiful subject to think upon! Saturday, November 17th, was decided upon as the day for our entertainment at Music Hall: this time, a matinee, beginning at 2 o'clock and closing at 4. The sun was brightly shining upon the throngs of happy children when they went in and when they came out. Bishop Clarke gave, as he promised, his "brief sketches of foreign travels," to the instruction and amusement of all present. Governor Van Zandt, although *not crowned*, is a

royal governor, and, in his inimitable manner, made the presentation of the prizes to fifty-five happy children, and our *princely* Mayor Doyle presided at our meeting in a truly royal style. A glee club of twelve, from Brown University, sang their rollicking college songs, and the children were wild with delight. Thus closed our third entertainment, most satisfactorily and successfully in every respect, leaving us sixty dollars in hand for educational purposes for the future. At each one of our entertainments, we have had distributed to every one in the Hall, a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," kindly given us by the Massachusetts Society, and we herewith send our thanks.

J. S. HAMMOND,

Sec'y Ladies' Auxiliary Society P. C. A.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Officers of the FLORENCE SOCIETY, Mass.: President, A. G. Hill; Vice President, S. K. Townsend; Treasurer, Mrs. J. D. Atkins; Executive Committee, J. M. Davis, H. L. Aldrich, D. H. Clark.

The NEW HAMPSHIRE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held its annual meeting at Portsmouth, December 3.

The treasurer reported the total amount of receipts for the year to be \$542.48; expenses, \$449.22; cash on hand, \$93.26; the permanent fund is reported to be \$396.27; amount paid for distribution of literature \$9.22. About 4,000 copies of "Our Dumb Animals" were distributed during the year.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Thomas E. O. Marvin; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Stanton Parker, John S. H. Frink and nine others, making a list of five ladies and six gentlemen; Directors, Mrs. John J. Pickering, James R. May and twelve others, ten of the fourteen being ladies; Secretary, Charles E. Batchelder; Treasurer, Mary A. Foster.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the friends of the cause who supplied the cost of the recent children's festival in aid of the objects of the Society, and to the retiring Secretary, A. F. Craig, Esq., for the prompt and efficient manner in which he has performed his duties during the past year.

RECENTLY published statistics issued by the Norwegian authorities give the following table of domestic animals per 1,000 inhabitants among the different nationalities: Horses in the United States, 227; Russia, 225; Denmark, 176; Sweden, 103; Austro-Hungary, 98; Great Britain and Ireland, 85; Norway, 84; Germany, 82; France, 70. Of horned cattle, in Denmark, 687; in Great Britain, 300. Of sheep, in Spain, 1,348; in Great Britain, 969; in Belgium, 142. The number of goats in Greece, 913; in Great Britain, 8. Of swine in the United States, 671; in Great Britain, 112; in Greece, 38.

The Future of Animals.

"The old traditions affirm that at least four beasts have been translated to heaven; namely, the ass that spoke to Balaam, the white foal that Christ rode into Jerusalem, the steed Borak that bore Mahomet on his famous night journey, and the dog that wakened the Seven Sleepers. To recognize, as Goethe did, brothers in the green-wood and in the teeming air — to sympathise with all lower forms of life, and hope for them an open range of limitless possibilities in the hospitable home of God — is surely more becoming to a philosopher, a poet, or a Christian, than that careless scorn which commonly excludes them from regard and contemptuously leaves them to annihilation." — *Alger's "Doctrine of a Future Life."*

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, January, 1878.

The New Year.

To all our readers wherever this may reach them, we wish a happy new year! May it be happy at its beginning and happy at its end. May there be no occasion for self-reproach when it has gone,—as, alas! there has been of years of our past,—that duty was made subordinate to personal convenience, or that what could and should have been done at the moment, was put off and never done! Be it ours, with a more abounding faith, a newer devotion, a higher courage, and a purer disinterestedness to defend the defenceless, to help the poor and needy as opportunity shall be given, and speak for the dumb, let whomsoever else be silent.

“Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
And in each morrow find a New Year’s day.”

THE LEGIONS OF HONOR OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS for their complete success, require the hearty co-operation of three parties: school committees, teachers and scholars. We will not doubt they are to have it; but it may be well to bear in mind that the Legion may have a vigorous life without this happy union of effort. For, let us suppose a town in which the school committee are indifferent, while the teachers are interested, each teacher may then lead his own scholars, in virtue of his position. Or, if the committee are awake to the moral value of the opportunity, while some teachers shall choose to put themselves in opposition, the committee will need only to find some competent scholar whose heart has been touched by the claims of mercy and honor, and request him to be the acting commander of the Legion. We do not believe that there is a large school in the State which has not several scholars who would meet every requirement of such a place.

Or, least likely of all, let us suppose that both school committee and teachers in a given town, turn a deaf ear to the appeal? Then the scholars can meet by themselves, and, acting according to their democratic instincts, form a Legion and select their own officers. Not, of course, in any spirit of self-will, nor from any want of obedience to all the just requirements of their superiors, but from necessity. Who could withhold from them a cordial God-speed? While, then, a union of all is earnestly desired, the work can go on if but one of the parties shall hear the appeal and act. In any event, may we not hope that there will be no delay in beginning the work, let whomsoever may give to it its first impulse?

The School Prizes.

We give below the circular of the judges upon the school prizes. Copies have been sent to the Chairman of every School Committee in the State of Massachusetts. Our friends may help the movement in their respective towns by co-operating with their School Committees. We hope to hear of the early organization of “Legions” in many towns, and fresh interest in the cause of mercy, in consequence.

Circular Letter from the Judges to Award the Prizes Offered to the Public School Children of Massachusetts.

LEGIONS OF HONOR.

The “Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals” offers the following prizes

to be competed for by the scholars of the public schools of Massachusetts, during the school year, which will end with the summer vacation of 1878, and the undersigned have accepted the duty of awarding them.

School organizations, under the name of “LEGIONS OF HONOR,” are necessary, in order to obtain the highest prizes, with such officers, and in such forms, as each may approve. Each organization to be composed of such scholars of either sex, or both sexes, between the ages of eight and eighteen years, inclusive, as will subscribe the following pledge:—

PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to do what we can for the prevention of cruelty to human beings and to dumb animals.

We also pledge our honor that we will use no profane language;

Will show respect to the aged;

And will be truthful at all times.

We adopt as our motto, *Reverence, Truth, Kindness, Courage.*

The judges RECOMMEND, That the teacher should, in each case, be commander, with power to direct the election or appointment of subordinate officers, who may be one or more assistant commanders, a secretary to keep the records, etc., and an executive committee of any desired number; that each member shall wear on public occasions a badge, or ribbon, on which *may* or *may not* be inscribed, “LEGION OF HONOR,” with the motto of the Legion, *Reverence, Truth, Kindness, Courage*: that meetings be held once a month, or oftener, for recitations, songs, addresses, etc., upon subjects which are in harmony with the purposes of the order, under the general direction of the teachers; that at graduation from school, or at other times, in the discretion of the commander, each member who has kept the obligations, shall receive a diploma signed by the commander to that effect. But the only REQUIREMENTS of the judges, in adjudicating the prizes, in regard to the details of organizations, will be the formation of “Legions” with proper officers, and the holding of regular meetings, at least once a month, for recitations, etc., during term time.

PRIZES.

The prizes will be:—

First. Forty dollars to the scholar who shall do the most in organizing efficient “Legions” on the basis of the foregoing pledge.

Second. Twenty dollars to the scholar who shall have obtained the largest number of signatures to the pledge, or have done the most in promoting the usefulness of the “Legions.”

Third. Fifteen dollars to the scholar who shall have done, during the year, the highest act of humanity and courage, either in preventing cruelty, or in saving from danger.

Fourth. To scholars who shall be distinguished for their fidelity to the pledge, *honorable mention* in the report of the judges, which will be published; *also*, a copy of the monthly paper of the Society, “Our Dumb Animals,” for one year.

And Fifth. Twenty-five dollars will be awarded by the Judges to such scholars as, in their judgment, may merit special recognition, in such sums as to the Judges may seem best.

It is understood further, that only *one* prize will be awarded to any one scholar.

Applicants for prizes will make their claims in writing, addressed to the “Judges,” in care of the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., 96 Tremont street, Boston, with such endorsement and confirmation as the nature of the claim may admit of, but the sufficiency of which the Judges reserve to themselves the right to decide.

The attestation of teachers of the school to which the applicant belongs, with one or more members of the school committee of the town or city, or of one or more clergymen of the vicinity, or of other well-known citizens of the same community, are among the evidences that naturally suggest themselves.

The evidence must be in, as above, on or before September 1, 1878, and the awards will be publicly made known thereafter, as soon as the decision shall be made.

All letters relating to the formation of “Legions” may be directed to the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., 96 Tremont Street, Boston. Mr. Geo. T. Angell, President of the Society, will, when desired, address conventions of teachers, and to some extent, schools, upon the subject.

Under the direction and encouragement of the Minister of Public Instruction of France, about five hundred societies have been formed in French schools, for the protection of animals. Similar societies have been formed in five of the large schools of Philadelphia, which number now about two thousand boys.

Board of Judges upon Prizes of Mass. Soc. P. C. A.

JAMES A. PAGE,
Principal of the Dwight School, Boston.

JAMES F. BLACKINTON,
Pres. of the Mass. State Teachers' Asso'n.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL,
Pres. of the Amer. Inst. of Instruction, and Editor
and Publisher of the N. E. Jour. of Education.

Teaching Kindness in Schools.

Monsieur de Sailly, a Frenchman, gave an account of his manner of teaching kindness to animals, in 1869. Our school teachers of to-day, may learn much from his experience:—

My method of teaching kindness to animals has the advantage of in no way interfering with the regular routine of my school. Two days in the week all our lessons are conducted with reference to this subject. For instance, in the reading class, I choose a book upon animals, and always find time for useful instruction and good advice. My “copies” for writing, are facts in natural history, and impress upon the pupils ideas of justice and kindness towards useful animals.

In written exercises, in spelling and composition, I teach the good care which should be taken of domestic animals, and the kindness which should be shown them. I prove that, by not overworking them, and by keeping them in clean and roomy stables, feeding them well, and treating them kindly and gently, a greater profit and larger crops may be obtained than by abusing them. I also speak, in this connection, of certain small animals which, although in a wild state, are very useful to farmers.

In arithmetic, I give examples in domestic and rural economy, and thus show the children, in exact figures, the amount which may be made by farming when domestic animals are kindly treated. Besides all this we have a practical conversation on two afternoons in the week.

The results of my instruction have been, and are, exceedingly satisfactory. My ideas have deeply impressed my pupils, and have exercised the best influence upon their lives and characters. Even since I introduced the subject into my school, I have found the children less disorderly, but, instead, more gentle and affectionate towards each other. They feel more and more kindly towards animals, and have entirely given up the cruel practice of robbing nests and killing small birds. They are touched by the suffering and misery of animals, and the pain which they feel when they see them cruelly used has been the means of exciting other persons to pity and compassion. My lessons reach adults through the example and advice of the children.

I close this letter with the hope that principles of kindness and compassion to animals will soon be taught in every school. The best way of doing this is to introduce them into the exercises of each day, to establish among the pupils a little society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and to introduce good books on the subject among families.

A PICTURE FOR LEGIONS OF HONOR.—Messrs. Prang & Co. of Boston published, some time ago,

a handsome chromo, with a black ground, called "Melanopoly chromos," representing a young girl with a happy family about her, consisting of horse, rabbit, cat, dog, goat, etc., with the motto in the upper right hand corner:

"A touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

A new issue of it has been made, with the additional motto of the School Legion of Honor under the picture: "REVERENCE, TRUTH, KINDNESS, COURAGE."

The gracious lesson of the picture, as well as its artistic beauty, make it a fitting ornament of any walls; but particularly of the school-rooms where "Legions" shall be formed. Teachers and others will do well to examine it. The price, singly, is \$1.50, and it can be had wherever Mr. Prang's pictures are sold.

THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE MASS. SOCIETY P. C. A., was held at 96 Tremont Street, December 19, 1877, at 11 A. M., President Angell in the chair. Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lasigi, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Homans, Mrs. Newhall, Miss Lyman and Miss Wigglesworth, and Messrs. Angell, Forbes, Sawyer, Sturgis, Heywood and Firth.

The record of the last meeting was approved, and the cash report for November referred to the Finance Committee.

It was voted to continue the present arrangement for the services of the Secretary.

A correspondence with Hon. Charles Field was read by the Secretary, when it was unanimously voted: That the Secretary is hereby instructed to write to Mr. Field an acknowledgement of his satisfactory letter in the name of the Directors, and to respectfully ask him to withdraw his resignation as a vice-president of the Society. The death of Director Chilson having been made known, it was unanimously voted: That we gratefully improve this opportunity to put on record our appreciation of the interest our late friend so long showed in the work of this Society.

Voted: That in Mr. Chilson's most welcome recognition of the needs of our Society by his will, he gave additional proof of his earnest desire that the Society shall long continue in its work of mercy after his death.

Voted: That a copy of the above resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be sent to the family of Mr. Chilson.

At the suggestion of the Finance Committee it was voted: That subscription books be put, by the Secretary, into the hands of such Directors as may desire them, for circulation among friends for pledges of yearly payments,—until further notice, beginning with 1878: the same to be expended under the orders of the Directors. It was announced by the Secretary that the money for the school prizes had been deposited in the Provident Institution for Savings.

A proposed law upon the subject of glanders and farcy in horses was fully approved.

The receipt of a medal and diploma by the Society from the Centennial for "improved models in cattle-ears" was reported.

THE RUSSIAN WAR has entered upon another phase by the fall of Plevna. What diplomacy may be able to do now in bringing the war to an end, no man can say. After the surprises of the

past, few will take upon themselves the function of a prophet. At the beginning of the war, we naturally turned to military men for guidance in forming opinions as to its result; but no class has been more disappointed. It is but fair to say, that the endurance and fanatic courage of the Turk were not expected, because we had been persuaded that he had lost his old vitality. Nor was it duly considered that the struggle on his part was for national existence; no choice having been given him between war and political death. The war itself, as was expected, has been one of the most cruel among many savage wars, and has called out, for its innocent sufferers, generous helpfulness, personal and pecuniary, irrespective of creed and nationality, and in a spirit beyond all praise. On this side of the sea, little however, comparatively, has in this way been done. If the war shall continue, there will be time yet to make some fitting response to the piteous cries for help of the non-combatants of both sides, in their unspeakable distresses, which, we hope, will be improved.

Deaths.

Within a few weeks the Mass. Society P. C. A. has lost by death from its associate Life Members ALVIN ADAMS, Esq., of this city, whose name is so widely known in connection with the express business. Also, the Hon. PETER HARVEY, whose Reminiscences of Daniel Webster has just been published. Their testimony to our work we would gratefully remember.

Since our December paper was issued GARDNER CHILSON, Esq., of Mansfield, Mass., has also died. Mr. Chilson was one of the Directors of the Society at the time of his death and had been for many years. He was among its earliest friends and Life members. We cannot let his name drop from our list of officers without bearing testimony to his constant sympathy with the sufferings of the dumb creation; and it gives us great pleasure to add, that, by his will, the Society has cause to remember him as one of its honored benefactors. The Directors, it will be seen, took just notice of his death at their late meeting.

GERMANY.—The U. S. Minister at Berlin has transmitted to the State Department, statistics published by leading German newspapers, showing that lack of employment and consequent suffering, even among the better classes, exist to a great extent there as well as in this country. During seventh month, 4,766 men, 340 women, and 4 young girls, received shelter and relief in the workhouse of the Berlin Asylum for the Homeless. Of the men, 2,149 were artisans, and the remainder laborers. During the same month, another Association for the Relief of the Homeless sheltered and relieved 7,543 men and 1,043 women. One case is mentioned, where a man who applied with his family for food and shelter was found to be preparing for examination for a judgeship, and after receiving aid for a month, passed a successful examination, and received an appointment.

Weights of Foreign Coin.

The following table, prepared by Mr. E. B. Elliott of the United States Treasury Department, represents the weights in pounds avoirdupois of the various sums of United States silver coinage:

No. of dols.	Wt. in lbs. avoirdupois.	No. of dols.	Wt. in lbs. avoirdupois.
\$100	5.51	\$50,000	2,755.78
1,000	55.12	100,000	5,511.55
10,000	551.16	300,000	16,534.66
30,000	1,653.47		

Of Stray Cats.

Again, it might be a dangerous course (which, however, many people recommend) to destroy animals found starving in the streets, without homes. Stray dogs are taken possession of and fed by the police in accordance with statutory law; but policemen have no powers enabling them legally to remove or kill starved cats; and this remark applies equally to the officers of this Society, and to all private persons not being the owners of such cats, or owners' servants.

It is urged that a home should be established for stray cats as a remedy for this cruelty; but probably such provision would encourage the expulsion of cats. Moreover, a home for London cats is impracticable, and if opened would cause terrible sufferings to the refugees it endeavored to succor from the tortures of street boys and from starvation; for the nature of a cat rebels against cages, hutches, pens, or other places of imprisonment. Disease quickly follows such confinement, to say nothing of the instincts of these animals. I have inspected several collections of stray cats, in all of which disease and misery prevailed. It must also be remembered that the existence of the Dogs' Home in London does not cure the heartless practice of turning dogs adrift in the streets when they are no longer wanted by their owners, for that institution receives upwards of 1,500 dogs every month; nor does the dog-tax prevent it—a circumstance which has been overlooked by some of your readers who have written to me and suggested a cat-tax remedy.

Perhaps the most useful means which can be used against this annually-recurring abuse is that which is now being employed by your permission—namely, an appeal to housekeepers, and a similar appeal made by this Society on leaflets adapted for circulation.—*Animal World.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.] The Empty Bird's Nest in Autumn.

BY A CHILDLESS MOTHER.

The Mother-bird pines not, nor grieves
That her bowered home lays bare,
And wither'd are the cool green leaves,
That hid it with such care.

Her infant brood have left their home,
In radiant light to soar,
Through boundless space unchecked they roam,

And sigh for earth no more.

The Mother taught them how to fly,
Nor sought to win their stay;
Their instinct drew them to the sky,—
She gladly led the way.

Autumn's chill hand has touched the tree,
Its wind-stripped leaves are strown,—
Like human hopes that scattered lie,
In restless eddies blown.

Why grieve I thus o'er the home-nest,
Whence my loved ones are flown,
Like drooping bird with fluttering breast,
And sad, heart-broken tone!

They soar beyond the mists of time,
In some more genial sky;
In softer air, and warmer clime,
Their new-fledged pinions try.

I turn me from my rifled nest,
And from the wintry blast;
To cloudless skies, where live the blest,
My soul shall rise at last.

I see not clearly now, but though
The tears so dim my sight,
I can be patient, for I know
My Father's ways are right.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—Just as we go to press, Mr. Angell has received for and paid to the Society two gifts of fifty dollars each, from Mrs. Phillip Marrett and Mrs. E. M. Gifford of New Haven, Ct. Such remembrances are most cheering to all friends of our merciful cause, and have their and our grateful acknowledgements.

Children's Department.

Trained Dogs again.

Our young readers and some who are not young, we think, will be glad to hear more of Blanche and Lyda.

M. du Rouil then told us that Blanche could correct bad spelling, and invited me to write a word on the slate with an intentional fault in it. He showed the slate to the dog, and said, "There is a fault here, Blanche; find it out, and show us first what letter ought to be effaced." The word I had written was *maison*, but I had spelt it *mison*. The dog immediately brought the letter E. Then M. du Rouil requested Blanche to show us what letters ought to be substituted, and she fetched an A and an I.

As Blanche seemed tired and worried with this kind of work I intervened on her behalf, and she was allowed to go and curl herself up in a corner, and eat cakes. Lyda took her place on the table, and a set of figures were substituted for the alphabet. Some arithmetical problems were written on the slate and she resolved them (or appeared to resolve them) without a single mistake. A very pretty incident occurred at this period of the performance, for the master proposed a little mental arithmetic. "Now, Lyda," he said, "I want to see whether you understand division. Suppose you had ten pieces of sugar, and you met ten Prussian dogs, how many lumps would you, *une Française*, give to each of the Prussians?" Lyda very decidedly replied to this with a cipher. "But now suppose you divided your lumps of sugar with me, how many would you give me?" Lyda took up the figure 5, and presented it to her master.

This was pretty enough, but for reasons of my own I was much more interested in something that happened immediately afterwards. M. du Rouil quitted the room, the door was closed after him, and he called out, "Which is the least valuable figure?" Lyda brought me the cipher. Then her master said, "Which is the most valuable figure?" the dog brought me the 9. After this I asked for different figures, which the dog gave me without a single mistake.

It was Blanche's turn next, but this time instead of being surrounded with the letters of the alphabet she was surrounded with playing-cards. M. du Rouil had another pack in his hand, and told us to choose a card. "Blanche, what card has been chosen?" The dog always took up the right card in her teeth. Then she played a game with a young lady, and lost it, after which she rushed from her seat into the corner with an air of the deepest humiliation.—Hamerton.

The Parrot.

A TRUE STORY.

THE deep affections of the breast
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively posses'd
By human hearts.

A PARROT, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,

A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

—T. Campbell.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
Daniel Webster's First Plea.

A SQUIRREL CASE.

When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were boys on their father's farm in New Hampshire, they were greatly annoyed one year by the ravages of the squirrels, and traps were set to catch them. Ezekiel brought the first capture to the house in triumph, and was, boy-like, eager to kill him at once, as a punishment for his misdeeds, or to make him a prisoner for life in a cage; but Daniel would consent to neither sentence, he wanted to set the poor, frightened little creature free. The dispute waxed warm, and the boys appealed to their father. He proposed to hold a court, and have the squirrel tried, Ezekiel appearing for the prosecution, Daniel for the defence. This was a grand idea—the court was organized in the family sitting-room, with the father on the bench. Ezekiel did his very best; he enlarged upon the iniquities of the squirrel, and the necessity for punishment, and supposed he had covered the whole ground. But Daniel rose, his young face lighted with enthusiasm, and his young heart full of pity for the helpless creature whose life he was to plead for. Boy as he was, he poured out such a flood of eloquent speech on the beauty and worth of life, even to a squirrel; on the great wrong of imprisonment for an unconscious offence; and on the charm of freedom, that when he sat down, his hearers wiped the tears from their eyes. The prosecutor was the first to deliver the bright-eyed little prisoner, and Daniel and Ezekiel set no more traps. This is the story.

G.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

About Some Cats.

The cat did it! I am not going to tell of stolen meat, of cream lapped on the sly, of pats of fresh butter smoothly licked,—no! enough evil has been laid to the account of cats; I have only good to tell of these pets of my childhood. First, before I speak of those I have known, let me tell you in the quaint words in which I read it the other day, of a famous cat of olden time. The record says, "Sir Henry Wyat, a Lancastrian in politics, father of the wit, poet, and courtier, Sir Thomas Wyat, under the reign of Richard III. spent not a little of his time in the Tower." The Wyat papers tell the story thus: "He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat, both to feed and to warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'He durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'You are safe for that matter,' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressed for him from time to time

such pigeons as his caterer, the cat, provided for him. Sir Henry Wyat in his prosperity, for this, would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere, but like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him. The prisoner had this faithful cat painted with a pigeon in his paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon."

Truly such a cat deserved to have her picture painted!

I knew of a kitten once who had sentence of drowning passed upon her, but the tears and pleadings of a little boy saved her life, and she became the pet of the house. She lived to a good old age, and had many families of kittens, but she must have noticed that on each of these happy occasions more than half the number of kittens disappeared when a few days old, and only one or two were spared her to grow to maturity. I cannot tell you how she reasoned this matter out for herself, but she certainly came to the conclusion that something must be done about it. Her next family of kittens she carefully concealed until they were perhaps a week old; then, one afternoon when the master of the house sat reading in the dining-room, Madam Pussy suddenly jumped in at the window with a kitten in her mouth, and laid it at his feet. She instantly departed by the same window and returned with another little one in her mouth, and this she repeated until every one of her children, little soft fuzzy balls, lay at the master's feet. Then she sat down and looked up in his face, and called her kittens in the softest tones at her command. Who could resist such an appeal? Certainly no one with as tender a heart as the master's, and after that Mrs. Pussy was allowed to keep all her children. What a wonderful instinct it was that taught her, that in her helplessness she must appeal to the strength of a powerful protector, and must reach him through his kind heart! Perhaps she thought that nobody could resist those soft, beautiful babies of hers. C. F. J.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]
Faithfulness of a Dog.

Upon the death of a certain nobleman in Kran, his earnest neighbor, Baron Apf—, took possession of the deceased's favorite dog. Fidèle was not a willing captive, but affectionate treatment finally won him over. The dog learned to do without his former master, though not to forget him.

One year passed before Fidèle again saw his old home; it then occurred to Baron Apf— to revisit the house of his late friend, in order that he might see if the property in the meantime had been carefully administered.

He took the dog with him. Before the end of the journey, Fidèle gave signs of great uneasiness. It became impossible to hold him, he sprang from the carriage and ran across the fields, soon disappearing from the Baron's sight. When the latter arrived at the house his first inquiry was for the dog, an old servant of the family, now acting as steward, related as follows: Hearing a great scraping and scratching on the outer door, he opened it and immediately recognized Fidèle.

The dog rushed past him and upstairs into his dead master's chamber, which had been left open. The steward hurriedly followed, and hearing him whine, found him sitting at the foot of his master's bed, which had not been moved from its original place. The dog ran around the chamber several times, and not finding what he so anxiously sought, laid himself down in his old place on the bed. Here the Baron found him, and the animal formerly so friendly, gave him no greeting. In vain they offered him food and drink; he would touch nothing, and his eyes remained constantly fixed upon the spot where he had last seen his master alive. After some days it was found necessary to use force to get him away, and it was only by degrees, and after the lapse of considerable time, that he regained his former cheerfulness.—From the Organ of Austrian Society P. C. A., Vienna, June, 1877.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
A Cat on the War-path.

Dogs are proverbially the enemies of cats, and the aggressors in the numerous contests between the two. But occasionally the tables are turned; and a few days ago, in a Boston office, a cat appeared as the avenger of all the wrongs of her race. A gentleman entered with his pet dog, a courteous animal, brought up in most friendly relations with the house-cat. Seeing another cat, perhaps a relative of his friend, he approached her with perfectly amicable intentions, but pussy, fired with all the wrongs of her race, now saw her chance to avenge them. It was no matter that this particular individual was innocent, and even friendly—he was a dog—that was enough. Scouts, bashi-bazouks, flying artillery, are nothing compared to the activity of an avenging cat. She attacked her victim in front, flank, and rear; she grew huge, she yelled, she spit, she lost not a point, she made no blunder in tactics, she gave no quarter, even when the enemy—toe thoroughly conquered even to bark, and far too frightened to bite—took refuge under the table. The attack was so unexpected that the spectators were not quite ready for intervention, the feminine portion of them being almost as frightened as the dog was. The occupants of neighboring offices rushed in to learn the cause of the tumult, and at last the dog was rescued, and the triumphant cat somewhat calmed. As the dog supped that night with the house-cat, an imaginative listener might have heard him murmur, "Well, there are cats and cats."

It is unnecessary to add that the aggressive pussy is no connection of Miss Katherine Purrinton, whose stately and significant name should give her a royal place among her race. G.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
M-mory in Cats and Dogs.

The first time we sat at table after a year's absence from home, I was surprised to see our cat come and take her seat by my side, as was her wont before I left. She evidently remembered that I used to give her bread and milk, and expected it again. A few days after, the dog, who had been in the country, was brought home, and pussy seemed delighted to see him; she rubbed against his legs whilst he lapped her head. It was delightful to see the affection displayed by these animals. They were glad to meet each other again, and expressed it by repeated caresses.

Although the dog had not practised his singing since we left him, he went through his regular drill with right good will. Let no one say that cats do not remember their friends, or that dogs forget the lessons they have once learned. L. B. U.

A Woodchuck.

The most interesting and lovable little pet we ever saw was a woodchuck we have had some six weeks. It was as tame and playful as a kitten, and would show as much affection as a dog, and come to our call and playfully bite like a puppy. It was the idol of our whole household, and had the freedom of our garden and premises. Though it was very fond of squashes and carrots it never touched the garden, for it seemed to have a sense of right and wrong more than human. Sunday, a boy prowling around where he had no business to be, came upon the little pet, called her up to him and killed her. We advise that young man to give our premises just as wide a berth as he can conveniently. We would much rather he had killed our cow.—*Gardner Home Journal.*

Another Horse Story.

I have lately seen an old horse at Bourn, in Lincolnshire, on the history of which I can thoroughly rely, and it is so remarkable that I think it worth publication. The horse is aged twenty-two, of the old, short-legged, coaching stamp, and has been in the possession of the present owner upwards of sixteen years, during which period he has only had three days' rest, not excluding even Sundays. His work has been to run a heavy mail-cart from Bourn to Swayfield, a distance of fourteen miles, including the return journey, every day, and one day a week two miles extra. The horse leaves Bourn between six and seven in the morning, and reaches Bourn about seven in the evening. During his recreation at Swayfield, the horse is kept in further exercise by working at plough and other work upon a farm. He is without blemish and in capital condition. His work for the last sixteen years has been so uniform that the horse knows the particular places he has to stop at on given days of the week; for instance, he persistently stops at the barber's shop on Tuesdays and Fridays, and six days a week he stops at a draper's shop for parcels, and on Sundays he won't stop at either place. His owner is so fond of him that, with sort of feeling of Tom Moody, he hopes that he and his horse may be buried together.—*Correspondence London Field.*

Balky Horses.

I once heard of an unfortunate gentleman who had become insane, but was restored to sound health simply by causing the mind to make a sudden revulsion, which was done by skilfully causing him to become jealous of his wife, who was a most excellent lady and aware of the process. On this hint we might learn to manage a balky horse. He is insane on the subject of going, that is self-evident. If we can manage to make him think on some other subject, he will naturally forget about going and go before he knows it. The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end: 1. Tying a string around the horse's ear close to the head. 2. Hitching the horse to the swingtree by means of a cord instead of the tugs; the cord fastened to the horse's tail. 3. Filling the mouth full of some disagreeable substance. 4. Tying a stout twine around the leg just below the knee and then removing it when he has travelled some distance. Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed.—*Home and Farm.*

Arab Maxims.

1. Let your colt be domesticated and live with you from his tenderest age, and when a horse he will be simple, docile, faithful, and inured to hardship and fatigue.
2. Do not beat your horses, nor speak to them in a loud tone of voice; do not get angry with them, but kindly reprove their faults; they will do better thereafter, for they understand the language of man and its meaning.
3. If you have a long day's journey, spare your horse at the start; let him frequently walk to recover his wind. Continue this until he has sweated and dried three times, and you may ask of him whatever you please, he will not leave you in difficulty.
4. Observe your horse when he is drinking at a brook. If in bringing down his head he remains square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.
5. Four things he must have broad—front, chest, loins and limbs; four things long—neck, chest, fore-arm and croup; four things short—pasterns, back, ears and tail.—*Tribune.*

THE man who takes the most interest in his business—The money-lender.

The Tug of War.

When I left Sistova on the 13th for the Russian army around Plevna, we commenced descending the tremendous hill towards the Danube, and after completing one-fourth of the descent all further progress was arrested by a train of wagons. For four hours I watched the passage of that line of struggling horses and creaking wagons toiling up the steep ascent over a stone pavement slippery from the recent rains. This train was composed entirely of four-wheeled peasants' carts from Russia, drawn by two small horses attached to each cart. The harness in many cases consisted simply of a breast strap of leather, or raw hide, and two traces. Some of the horses had shoes on the front feet, others had one shoe, and the rest none at all. They tugged their heavy loads up the hill, falling upon their knees every five yards upon an average, but rising again with skin unbroken, and, by twisting and turning from side to side of the narrow street, dragged themselves and their burdens slowly along. It was very painful to watch those faithful horses all those long weary hours, and one wondered why no attempt was made to make the ascent easy and expeditious by doubling the teams or providing extra horses for this enormous hill. I have never seen any evidences of ingenuity in the Russian operations, no little devices or inventions to smooth over obstacles; everything, on the contrary, goes by "main strength and awkwardness," to use a homely but expressive adage.—*The Times' Correspondent at Plevna.*

A Christian Dog.

The Persians are so strict in excluding Christians from their religious places, that we had some doubt if we should be able to enter the cemetery in which is placed the tomb of Hafiz, at Shiraz. Leaving our horses outside, we entered the mud-built gate and walked among the dark cypresses. There were two Moolahs near the morgue, wearing white turbans and long robes of green. One of these ran towards us, but not with the intention of objecting to our entry. A dog had unobserved followed us. It was against the presence of the Christian "dog." And though we aided in expelling our dog, we thought it an affection of religious zeal on the part of the guardian priest, inasmuch as all the while there stood near a Moslem dog, which appeared quite at home and welcome in this pleasant and most picturesque retreat."

—Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan."

LAST week another incident occurred to interest the idlers in Castellamare. An English gentleman, whom the press calls Sir James George, disgusted and irritated at seeing a carter cruelly ill-treating his horse, after vainly remonstrating with him, gave him such a drubbing as perhaps he had never received before. Some severe wounds appear to have been inflicted, and our countryman was summoned last week before the pretor of Castellamare to answer for them. The defendant appealed for assistance to the "Societa Zoofila Napolitana" (Society for the Protection of Animals), and seven advocates were sent over for the defence, who urged the great provocation of the circumstances. The sentence was, that the defendant should pay a fine of fifteen lire, and, I presume, the costs,—a cheap price for having well punished a ruffian, and asserted the right of the lower animals to the protection of man. Both the prompt action of the Societa Zoofila, and the very attenuated fine, showed the growth of the healthier public feeling in the south, but the prudence and policy of taking the law into one's own hands, especially by a foreigner, may well be questioned. On some minds, it is very possible that the condemnation of our countryman may appear to have established the right of any ruffian to do what he likes with his own, and fifteen lire, after paying for plasters, will leave a balance in favor of the carter.—*London Times.*

Kindness to Animals as a Test of Character.

[By Charlotte Brontë.]

"I don't think," said Shirley, "we should trust to what they call passion at all, Caroline. I believe it is a mere fire of dry sticks, blazing up and vanishing: but we watch him, and see him kind to animals, to little children, to poor people. He is kind to us like wise—good—considerate: he does not flatter women, but he is patient with them, and he seems to be easy in their presence, and to find their company genial. He likes them not only for vain and selfish reasons, but as we like him—because we like him. Then we observe that he is just—that he always speaks the truth—that he is conscientious. We feel joy and peace when he comes into a room: we feel sadness and trouble when he leaves it. We know that this man has been a kind son, that he is kind brother: will any one dare to tell me that he will not be a kind husband?"

"Not I: but if I were, do you know what soothsayers I would consult?"

"Let me hear," said Caroline.

"Neither man nor woman, elderly nor young:—the little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to my door; the mouse that steals out of the cranny in the wainscot; the bird that in frost and snow pecks at my window for a crumb; the dog that licks my hand and sits beside my knee."

"Did you ever see any one who was kind to such things?"

"Did you ever see any one whom such things seemed instinctively to follow, like, rely on?"

"We have a black cat and an old dog at the Rectory. I know somebody to whose knee that black cat loves to climb; against whose shoulder and cheek it likes to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail, and whines affectionately when somebody passes."

"And what does that somebody do?"

"He quietly strokes the cat, and lets her sit while he conveniently can, and when he must disturb her by rising, he puts her softly down, and never flings her from him roughly; he always whistles to the dog and gives him a caress."

"Does he? It is not Robert?"

"But it is Robert."

Hints on Dog Breaking.

"To become a good dog trainer a man must be at all times and under all circumstances cool and collected. No passionate man need ever lay the flatteringunction to his soul that he is capable of giving a puppy a polite field education. A man to make a good trainer should have a firm nature, giving his *protege* at once confidence, affection and implicit obedience. He should also have an abiding faith in his success. Should I fail to-day, I will succeed to-morrow. Don't get fretted; you must have a miserable cur if he can't tell when you are mad. If you do not possess these qualifications and your means are adequate, take my advice and send your puppy to a first-class breaker. Those who have not the means and opportunity to give their puppies to a breaker will allow me in a spirit of meekness to extend to them my experience and observations:

First, get you well-bred puppy, for blood will tell on some part of the course. Nothing, not even the finest training, can ever compensate for bad blood. If possible have an old and well-trained dog to break your puppies with. Never teach him anything you do not think will be of value to him on the field. Talk as little as possible to your dog; teach him to do your bidding by the motion of your hand. Never teach your dog anything by word that you can teach him by signs. In teaching your puppy to 'down' never tell your puppy to 'charge' or 'down charge.' No man ever attempted a greater nuisance with a decent dog. Any dog of moderate intelligence knows that in the ordinary parlance of life, 'charge' does not mean lie down." —*Forest and Stream.*

"CLARA," asked Tom, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the reply.

Fox Hunting.

In England and Wales at the present time there are not less than 150 separate hunts. In one-fourth of the districts the "meets" are four times a week, and in some cases the master of the hunt turns out a pack every five days in the week. The hardest riders in England are the followers of the Pytchley hounds, the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, the Belvoir and the Cheshire packs, and the Lincolnshire; though there are many other hunts almost as famous, including the Worcestershire, after which the Duke d'Aumale used to ride two or three days week at this season of the year. South of the Tweed the fox is hunted in this little island 500 times a week from October to March. Setting aside the work of our various packs of harriers and stag-hounds, it is hardly possible that the Norman barons did as much hard riding as all these "meets" represent. At least 15,000 foxes are killed every season, a pretty big crowd of wild animals in a country so small that Americans may well wonder, with our railway speed, that we don't run off it. A reliable authority assures me that hunting is more general and systematic in England than it was twenty-five years ago, and that England of the eighteenth century could not for a moment show sport by the side of the present generation of hunters and shooters. A century and a half has not elapsed since dogs were trained to hunt foxes only—a fact which I don't think has been used by Darwin in his beautiful illustrations of the perpetuation of acquired habits in animals. When Squire Western rode out with Tom Jones after a hare, Fielding had never seen 400 horsemen following a pack of hounds. At the present day 100 packs are turned out in the English counties every week to hunt the stag, the fox, and the hare, followed by an army of about 10,000 splendidly-mounted riders, as keenly interested in the chase as the dogs themselves. Englishmen are not more earnest in war than they are in the chase. Hard as "the Iron Duke" was, he had a pack of hounds with him and hunted his enemy's country during the Continental wars. The Durham University a few years ago kept a pack of harriers for the entertainment of the students, who would run after them on their own legs 20 or 30 miles a day.—*N. Y. Times.*

Buffalo.

The first engraving of the buffalo was in the first edition of "Hennepin's Travels." Alvar Nuñez, in 1535, saw buffalo near the Gulf, and Jontel, one hundred and fifty years afterward, saw them at Bay St. Bernard. Father Venegus does not include them in the animals of California, and neither Harmon nor Mackenzie speak of them in New Caledonia. Du Pratz, in 1758, says they do not exist in Louisiana. In 1756 some of those who settled in the Abbeville district of South Carolina found buffalo there, and in 1774 Bernard Romans speaks of them as a "benefit of nature bestowed on Florida."

We find the trade in buffalo wool a considerable one in the last century, and numerous factories were established for its manufacture. The slaughter of the buffalo has been the greatest in the past thirty years, and since the settlements and railroads have extended into the buffalo range, the buffalo has frequently been domesticated, and the Bois Brûles put them to use as work cattle.—*Dr. Wm. E. Doyle in Washington Sunday Herald.*

The remnants are now comprised in two inconsiderable bands, which are confined to circumscribed localities—one in northwestern Texas, and the other to southern Dakotah. Over five millions of buffaloes have been killed within the past six years, chiefly for their hides!—*Forest and Stream.*

Activity.

"Good striving
Brings thriving;
Better a dog who works,
Than a lion who shirks."

—*Oriental Poetry.*

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in November.

Whole number of complaints, 134; viz., Beating, 8; overloading, 4; overdriving, 1; driving when lame and galled, 44; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 17; torturing, 5; driving when diseased, 11; cruelly transporting, 4; general cruelty, 20; when diseased, 11; cruelly transporting, 4; general cruelty, 20; when diseased, 11; returned without service, 1; discharged for informality in complaint, 1.

Animals killed, 29; temporarily taken from work, 45.

*Receipts by the Society in November.**FINES.*

Justices' Courts.—Mansfield, two cases (one paid at jail), \$50; Marlboro', \$3.

Police Courts.—Lee, \$1; Lynn, \$10; Lawrence (paid at jail), \$15.

District Courts.—First Southern Middlesex, \$5; First Northern Middlesex, \$15; First Plymouth, \$6.

Municipal Courts.—Boston, three cases (paid at jail), \$55; East Boston District, two cases, \$20.

Witness fees, \$17.15. Total, \$197.15.

Subscriptions.

Cincinnati Society P. C. A., \$5; B. Howard, \$2; W. H. H. Bryant, 25 cents.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

C. W. Daly, B. F. Burgess, Woolrich & Co., J. P. Knowles, Mrs. W. Whiting, H. C. Allen, W. Allen, W. Ladd, R. Eager, J. Grinnell, L. L. Curtis, L. R. Faulkner, F. B. Redfield, S. Loring, E. A. Webb, P. H. Jones, B. Smith, A. Hussey, S. Barker, E. R. Tiffany, M. L. Ober, A. F. Richards, F. A. King, J. Townsend, S. W. Collins, R. Hobill, J. R. Tatam, J. W. Blake, Swedish & Norwegian Consulate, J. Dunnell, W. W. Dawson, B. F. Dyer, A. M. Smith, A. Monroe, T. K. Lambert, E. H. Stroud, S. B. Morse, W. H. Slater, M. Vaux. Total \$46.25.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. E. Winslow, \$5; Mrs. G. L. Chaney, \$10; Master Geo. Carter Chaney, \$1; Mrs. J. Quincy, Sen., \$1; Wm. Bartlett, \$1. Total \$18.

Interest \$18.75.

Total amount received in November, \$280.15.

The Bird King.

"Dost thou the monarch eagle seek?
Thou'l find him in the tempest's maw,
Where thunders with tornadoes speak,
And forests fly as though of straw;
Or on some lightning splintered peak,
Sceptered with desolation's law,
The shrubless mountain in his bane,
The barren desert in his claw."

—*Alger's Oriental Poetry.*

Faith.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish,—but the grain
Is not for death.
God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!

—*Whittier.*

Our Dumb Animals.

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